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THE RED CRUELTY OF WAR

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW

(SPECIAL ARTICLE FROM THE FRONT)

AN OPEN LETTER TO GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

A GREAT VICTORIAN: By SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

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A CENSURE OF THE CENSORSHIP.

By Sir William Bull, M.P.

AN OPEN LETTER TO LORD HALDANE.

THE LYRIC POETRY OF A
PEASANT PEOPLE.

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Notes of the Week

The War

DR. BETHMANN HOLLWEG has succeeded in convincing the Reichstag and Germany that Great Britain is responsible for the war. If England had only consented to tell Russia, France and Belgium in unmistakable terms that she would not participate it seems pretty obvious Germany would have had no cause of complaint against her. England's wickedness is in precise proportion to her success in preventing the German army at Mons and Ypres from sweeping on to its goal. That Germany will make England pay for this as and when Germany is in a position to do so we need not doubt. For the moment events do not favour Germany's punitive designs. The British, French and Belgian forces are gaining ground yard by yard, and if the process is slow it seems absolutely sure. Germany is finding it day by day more difficult to carry out her undertaking to hold what she has captured. She has rejoiced inordinately over her occupation of Lodz, but apparently she has retaken the town only because Russia, strategically, finds it to her advantage not to hold it. German reports flatly contradict Russian, but we prefer to believe Russia. The Kaiser is graciously pleased to offer favourable terms to South Africa if the Union will abandon hostilities, but the Union is getting on quite well without Germany's good will. With de Wet a prisoner and Beyers drowned in the Vaal in his efforts to escape capture, the back of the rebellion is broken, and General Botha is free to deal with the German incursion as best suits the interests of South Africa and the Empire.

King George at the Front

The King's visit to the front has had an effect on the troops which will make their hardest tasks easier: it has also cemented international relationships in a way that even the war itself might fail to do. His Majesty just went about among the different Army Corps in the most informal and sympathetically in-

terested way, talking to the men fresh from the trenches as freely as he talked to General French or General Joffre. He discussed the situation with King Albert in that corner of Belgian soil which the Germans have never yet succeeded in over-running. There is no doubt the visit was a masterly stroke: as one observer says, in a war where deeds of heroism necessarily do not command the public attention they merit, it has given the men assurance that they are not forgotten. The last occasion on which a British sovereign was in the field, we are reminded, was 171 years ago. If some of our historians will look into the feat George II accomplished on that occasion they will find that he saved his army from annihilation: of equally happy augury should be the visit of George V. Haply it may come to be known as marking the eve of triumph for an army which had already accomplished marvels against heavy odds.

Scaremongers and Others

A very pretty quarrel from one point of view, a rather undignified washing of professional linen in public from another point of view, is the war declared by the *Daily News* on the *Daily Mail*. It all arises out of an industrious pamphlet called "The Scaremongers," which is intended to prove that the *Daily Mail* issued warnings of Germany's real intentions while the *Daily News* and other pacifist organs bull-dozed the public. Mr. A. G. Gardiner thereupon writes a letter to Lord Northcliffe in the *Daily News* with the object of making the world realise what a wicked journal the *Daily Mail* really is. From the physical and moral heights of Bouverie Street Carmelite House is bombarded in a way that will certainly induce wonder in Carmelite House whether the spirit of the War Lord has not passed into the gentle person of the Editor of the *Daily News*. The fact that the *Daily Mail* or *Evening News* once said nice things of the Kaiser only serves to show that there is a spirit of sweet reasonableness about Lord Northcliffe or his editors after all. The fact that the *Daily News* did its best to prevent Great Britain from honouring its bond by taking part in the war does not show anything of the kind. Meantime, everyone seems to be reading "The Scaremongers."

Air or Airm?

Should there not be a territorial air as well as territorial waters? France and Great Britain have apologised to Switzerland for sending aeroplanes over Swiss territory in order to drop bombs on German Zeppelin sheds. At the same time the British Government refuses to admit "the existence of a sovereignty of the air." The Swiss Government reply that as international law does not recognise any limit to such sovereignty it must claim sovereignty to the fullest extent. To claim a right to something without limit is surely to claim the whole. Swiss concern as to anything affecting the air is at least intelligible. Nature has given her a claim in that respect as special as England's on the seas. If territorial air were recognised how would it be gauged? From mountain peak or from plain?

The Red Cruelty of War

BY ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW

[*Mr. and Mrs. Askew are in France, personally visiting the hospitals and learning by actual contact the grim realities of warfare. They send THE ACADEMY this intensely human essay from Malo under date November 24.—ED., ACADEMY.*]

HOSPITALS have sprung up all over France since the great war started, but there is not one hospital too many—there could not be. The trains arrive at the hospital bases crowded and overcrowded with wounded—pale, exhausted-looking men who have been enduring the most supreme physical suffering during the long jolting journey from the front. A hospital train arriving at the base is one of the grimmest and most terrible sights on earth. Some of the men seem hardly alive as their helpless bodies are lifted tenderly enough out of the trucks and passenger compartments—they resemble in their blood-stained uniforms broken marionettes; other men cry and moan aloud in their sharp agony—the scene is often a very Inferno. The wounded are usually so brave; some are absolutely stoical, and their patience is wonderful as a whole, but the red cruelty of war came home to us as we visited hospital after hospital where soldiers were being nursed and tended, for the sufferings these men have been called upon to endure are frightful—in many cases they forbid description.

It is no uncommon thing to hear of soldiers who have been wounded in as many as eight or ten places. Men are often brought into the hospitals whose limbs have been literally blown away. Cases of severe frost-bite, now that winter has started, are unfortunately very frequent; but there is no uglier sight than the wounds inflicted on a human body by shrapnel. It is a wonder that the doctors and nurses do not sicken and faint at their terrible tasks, but the soldiers make it as easy for them as they can. Many of these brave fellows speak lightly, almost indifferently, of their severe wounds; their one desire is to be patched up and sent back to the front as quickly as possible; but some of these men are past mending—some only reach the hospitals to die. We came across a typical case at Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland's hospital at Malo—such a clean, bright, beautifully ordered hospital—the wards made as cheery as possible by the help of flowers, the beds exceptionally comfortable. A pale, dark-eyed Frenchwoman and her little daughter were sitting by the bedside of a big, very finely built French soldier, a man with a black beard. This was the second time the poor wife had been sent for to see her husband in hospital—this was the second miraculous recovery that the soldier had made, and now the invalid was telling his wife that he should insist, as soon as he got better, on going back to the front—risking his life for the third time.

"This is the day when we are all called upon to make sacrifices," he cried, his dark eyes flashing, his white teeth shining. "I glory in my scars—in my

wounds. I am glad to have bled for France; it is my ambition to fight for my country as long as I have my limbs left me—it should be every man's ambition."

The young wife hung her head and made no answer, but we noticed how her grasp tightened on her child's wrist. We realised the struggle that must be going on in that woman's heart. Twice her husband had come back to her from the very Valley of the Shadow of Death—and now he was anxious to be back in the fighting line again, and she would have to let him go—she would have to spare her man to France.

A German lad was lying in the same ward, a pale, fair-haired, blue-eyed young prisoner. The unfortunate youth had suffered terrible injuries; one of his arms had been amputated, also his right leg, and a shell had destroyed all the toes of his left foot. He lay in his bed, very pale—very quiet—very resigned—touchingly grateful for all the kindnesses he had received from English hands. He came from Saxony, it appeared, and he had little in common with the Prussians. He explained to us—and there was no reason to doubt the truth of his words, his obvious sincerity—that his regiment had been told at the commencement of the war that they were simply being called out for manœuvres. It was not till they were actually under fire that they realised that this was real, not mimic warfare.

We condoled with the German over the loss of his limbs and he smiled at us—a strange, ineffably patient smile.

"At all events, I shall not have to fight the English again," he murmured—"the English who have been so kind to me. My soldiering days are over."

We gave him a few cigarettes, which he accepted gratefully, and as we turned away from the poor maimed boy's bedside we felt that here indeed lay one of the most pitiful victims of the war, a lad who, bearing no grudge against the men he was fighting—not realising in the least what he was fighting for—had been drawn quite ignorantly into a gigantic conflict.

The men of the allied armies know quite well what they are fighting for, though. They are aware that they are defending their homes, their wives, their children, from a brutal and rapacious invader. They have seen, most of them, the evil that has been wrought upon Belgium—they have marched through miles and miles of that desolated country. They are not going to let that Prussian wave of destruction spread any further if they can help it. They have made a living fence of their bodies between their homes and the Huns, and what fine soldiers they make in consequence—what magnificent fighters.

Up at the Belgian Field Hospital at Furnes—a hospital that was once a college—they have a tale to tell about a young French soldier who was brought in a week ago so severely injured that his leg had to be amputated at once. The operation was performed in the theatre under the light cast by a few oil lamps. Whilst the patient was recovering from the effects of

the anæsthetic he began asking the doctor and the dressers if they were his comrades or the enemy. His agitation was extreme till he was told that he was safe in the Belgian Field Hospital amongst his friends. As soon as he heard this a smile lit up the young soldier's face and he gasped out that he was happy, quite happy, now that he knew he was with his comrades—his allies—that he wanted nothing more—desired nothing more. He died three days later, much to the distress of the doctors and nurses who had been hoping against hope to pull him through. He was particularly fine in the manner of his dying. He had been lying motionless for some time, seemingly almost gone. Just as the breath was leaving his body he aroused himself and, making a superhuman effort, sat up in bed; then he called out in a loud clear voice, simply electrifying the ward: "Vive la France!" The next second he dropped back dead.

We were sorry to leave the Belgian Field Hospital—it is an extraordinarily interesting hospital to visit. It only contains a hundred beds, but as the wounded are conveyed there straight from the battlefield, the cases are generally very serious; yet those men who are well enough to smoke sit up in bed and puff away at their "fags"; their cheerfulness is really wonderful. Oh, these wounded soldiers! One could write anecdote after anecdote about them—one could fill pages with the recital of their sufferings, sufferings heroically borne. Their pluck is only equalled by their endurance—their cheerfulness is only surpassed by their courage; but they need all the comforts that those at home can give them—all the help.

Wounded men are often brought into the Belgian Field Hospital simply caked to their stretchers; their clothes have to be cut from them inch by inch, so gifts of warm woollen shirts and articles of men's clothing would be most acceptable, also linen sheets, beef or chicken essences, patent invalid foods, cases of red wine or brandy, chocolate, and cigarettes. Any gifts sent for the Belgian Field Hospital should be dispatched to the following address: Belgian Field Hospital, Field Post Office, Dunkirk, France.

Gertrude, Lady Decies, would also be very grateful for any kind gifts sent direct to her hospital: Station Transport Shed for Wounded Soldiers, Dunkirk, France. She is in need of flannel shirts, blankets, men's cardigans, morphia, and peroxide of hydrogen. Her Station Hospital meets a gigantic need; from 1,500 to 2,000 cases are sometimes treated there in the course of one night. The men are often brought in

suffering so terribly from gangrene that an immediate operation is necessary—in fact, one evening there were over twenty operations for gangrene. Lady Decies is indefatigable in her attentions at the hospital. She works there from eight o'clock in the evening till ten o'clock the following morning.

It is impossible to over-estimate the work that the various hospitals are doing, or to say enough in their favour. God alone knows what the loss of life would be if it were not for these hospitals and for the heroic efforts of the men and women who work in them, the surgeons, the doctors, the nurses.

But the hospitals need all the financial support, all the help, that we can possibly give them. Only doctors and nurses have the privilege, it is true, of being able to go out and work amongst the wounded—tend them with their own hands—bind up their grievous wounds; but we at home can support the hospitals, can keep them going, can supply them with money, with necessities, with comforts. And it is our duty to do this, our positive duty, a duty we owe the wounded, the men who are fighting for us in their thousands, suffering for us, bleeding for us, dying for us.

The German War-Poets of To-day

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON

A CENTURY ago, when Germany was battling for freedom, her poets were fired with the fierce ardour of righteous warfare. Now they are fired by a perhaps fiercer ardour for—another war. We remember the impassioned lyric outpourings of Körner, Arndt, Schenkendorf; we remember how Arndt thanked the Almighty for having created iron in the bowels of the earth, that there might be weapons; we recall how Körner was inspired with his *Schwert-lied* in a lull of battle, just before he fell with sword in hand. It was a genuine inspiration then; we need say nothing of the inspiration now, except that, however blinded and misled, it appears to be equally genuine. We are not fighting against poetry or against music or against art. Our own poets have been busy singing; we must recognise that with German poets also there may be passionate patriotism, burning loyalty—though, as we think, a blind loyalty to false ideals. We must remember that in human nature there is an instinct that says, "My country, right or wrong!" Further, there is an instinct that cannot believe its own country to be wrong.

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We may well turn aside for a moment from our ardent absorption in the most righteous war that Britain ever waged, to hear what the enemy is singing—what is the lyric note of Germany's war-passion? Knowing that the Kaiser himself had ordered the prompt extermination of our "contemptible" little army, it is extremely interesting to read the following, which appeared in a Berlin newspaper some weeks since. It is by Hans Maurer:—

Hurrah! John Bull at last is here;
He's cross'd the rolling tide.
His vassals flock from far and near,
Rubbing their hands with pride.

The Belgians shout, the Frenchmen crow,
From every side they haste;
And if he robs a friend or two
He does it in good taste.

They rage in vain, for loud and clear
Rings out the German cry:
"Thank God, the Englishman is here;
Now smite him hip and thigh."

This is not great poetically—and the translation must be pardoned for not rendering it more so; but we can conceive its popularity and the proud exultation that has anticipated its fulfilment. There is far finer art, a touch of grim poetic power, in the realism of a little poem entitled "The Zeppelin," which was published in Berlin on the last day of August:—

The day is done.
In the grey twilight
Still stands one fort
That will not be silenced.

The wind awakes,
The vapours roll aside;
From the clouds
Appears a Zeppelin.

Its steel-grey
Turns crimson in the sunset.
In its blood-red envelope
Destroying Death draws nigh.

A swarm of bullets
Hums towards it.
It quivers and lays its course
To the forts.

Now it descends,
Grown suddenly to huge size,
And deals the death-low
To its victims.

A star peeps forth—
The summer night steals on;
The last of all the forts
Is silent.

We need not be too patriotic for admiration. Even veiled in translation, the lines have beauty and the suggestiveness of a great reserve. Whatever be the outcome of the war, that poem will not be forgotten; it will take its place among the future poetry of air-

craft. But there is another, so bitter in its hatred that one almost shrinks from quoting it, yet perhaps finer still as sheer poetry, and more luridly evincing the deep emotion of a deceived patriotism. The venom of its hate-lust is directed against one whom we know to stand among the most high-minded of our country's statesmen. The verses are named "The Apparition," and have been translated admirably by Professor Scott, of Michigan University:—

A sombre vision comes to me:
A cliff—a beach where breakers rave—
A sandy shore, a laden sea—
And by the sea an open grave.

And round the grave a thousand hands—
The hands of children, hands of wives—
Sift carelessly the yellow sands—
Each handful is a thousand lives.

And myriad voices fill the air:
"O tolling sexton, lone and sad,
O man of death, what dig you there?"
"I dig a grave—the times are bad.

"Your tears are vain—you cannot bound
This hungry grave that will be fed;
This trench that runs the whole world round—
My master needs it for his dead."

"And who," the myriad voices call,
"Who is this ruthless master?—say—
Whose icy breath brings woe to all?"
The spectre answers: "Hangman Grey!"

It is strange to think that, with all his titles to a spotless reputation, Sir Edward Grey may be remembered by some in the far future through this striking and powerful poem discovered in an anthology of German verse. The writer's name is Boelitz, and is not familiar, at least beyond his own country; but some of the most remarkable war-verse of the day has been written by Richard Dehmel, a Socialist, widely recognised as one of the strongest of living German poets. His "Sermon to the German People in Time of War" is too long to quote, but it is extraordinary as joining the names of Christ and the Virgin, and "Sabbaoth, Lord of hosts," with the old gods of Teuton and Norse folk-lore, Wotan and Thor and Loti. Dehmel is thoroughly modernist in his general writings, naturalist and hedonist; but in this poem, really fine in its way, he seems to be speaking for those early days of Teutonism when the White Christ was still thought to contend with the old heathen god-men, and when Christian teachings were still in the melting-pot with the wildest of pagan superstitions. Of course, we must not suppose that many of these recent lyrics have truly gone to the front, side by side with *Deutschland ueber Alles* and *Die Wacht am Rhein*; but they are something of a revelation to us of the spirit in which intellectual Germany is following the present terrible conflict; and, artistically at least, we may be broad-minded enough to sympathise.

An Open Letter to Mr George Bernard Shaw

SIR,—Probably no sillier thing was ever said of the English people than that they do not suffer fools gladly. They have suffered George Bernard Shaw so long that I have asked myself often whether, nobles having dispensed with their jesters and pantomime being no longer dependent upon the clown, the nation had resolved to institute the office of buffoon as part of its own economy. If the nation likes to allow a Shaw to cut pseudo-intellectual capers in its midst, if it has a taste for what is called paradox but is merely evidence of perverted mentality, if it is content to be flagellated on account of sins which you, the proud Master of Super-nonsense, have alone discovered, there is no reason, provided you keep your fooling for the domestic hearth, why you should not go on and prosper as the Merry Andrew of that section of the people who are not satisfied with the accepted canons of Art and Literature. But when larger issues are at stake, when the nation is engaged in a life and death struggle, the very nature of which you are constitutionally incapable of appreciating, it is another matter. Mr. Robert Blatchford, in an article in the *Weekly Dispatch* which does credit alike to his heart and his head, has exposed the shallow pretence and intolerable impertinence of your brochure entitled "Common Sense about the War." The mere title is an affront to common sense, that being the sense of which you have least. By its publication you have convinced no one who had an elementary acquaintance with the facts, but you have, as I happen to know, disturbed the equanimity of some who never think for themselves, and you have given the alien enemy the opportunity of quoting this outrage on British national sentiment as the serious and sober opinion of one eminent—save the word!—British publicist. You treat all protests as a huge joke, and ask the world to believe that you alone have detected the truth.

Doubtless you will regard this letter of mine as in itself a feeble effort at humour; but believe me, if I had been in the councils of the Government, the joke would have recoiled on your own head. A poor wretch of a sentry who tries to keep himself warm in these bitter winter conditions by a surreptitious drink too many pays a heavy penalty; a spy who may or may not have accomplished mischief is shot; but you are allowed to travesty the facts of a solemn crisis and betray the country without personal risk of any sort. You do not even suffer in your own self-respect, because obviously your career as the Buffoon-in-Extraordinary to the Bored would have been impossible if you had not crushed out any such quality at the very beginning. A Cunninghame Graham and a John Burns inciting to disturbance in Trafalgar Square do time; a George Bernard Shaw may write—for once, perhaps, may write from conviction—that England is in the wrong, and his reward is a new measure of that advertisement

which all his life he has known so well how to secure. It was an unhappy day for England when you discovered that you were gifted with ability to frame sentences which convey the idea that you have a purpose to fulfil in this high-strung age. Shock though it may be to many good people, I am free to confess that I do not think English literature would be one sentence the poorer if you had never written a line. A paradox may be a thing of beauty and help one's understanding; a phrase which embodies untruth and befogs the mind vainly searching for the essential is a snare in precise proportion to its neatness and epigrammatic form. How many such snares have you set with sinister pen? In your effort to avoid the obvious you have unfortunately also avoided the worthy. I do not choose to bandy words with you over Shakespeare. Doubtless his appropriation by German kultur will only have convinced you that you are, after all, the greater man. Your superiority to Shakespeare as dramatist, poet, and philosopher is among the familiar impertinences. But there is one analogy I am surprised you have not drawn. Quite competent critics have enlarged on the importance of the fool in "King Lear" to the play: you might conceivably have claimed a like importance for yourself in the great drama of our national life in which you have elected to play the part. I am of opinion that "King Lear" would be none the less a work of dramatic genius if the fool were eliminated. England might survive without its Bernard Shaw. A Fabian Voltaire is an excrescence on the body politic about as serviceable as a Cromwellian wart.

You have lived up to your ideal of the "utmost levity." You likened your early case to that of Rabelais. To secure a hearing it was necessary for you, in your own view, to attain the footing of "a privileged lunatic." You cannot be excused your excesses on the ground of mimetic insanity. There is only one alternative judgment. "In this world," you once said, "if you do not say a thing in an irritating way, you may just as well not say it at all, since nobody will trouble themselves about anything that does not trouble them." Not, perhaps, a fair specimen of your English, but about the only sentence I remember of yours which seems to show a nice appreciation of the means by which you have secured a hearing. You have carried your irritating way to lengths which are wholly unpardonable, and, if the Censor had been less concerned to restrict publicity of the great things done at the front, and more concerned to restrain the activities of licentiates in language and idea such as yourself, even at the risk of giving you a greater advertisement than any you have ever had, he would have better justified his office. I can only hope that "Common Sense about the War" will induce revised opinions as to the merits of "John Bull's Other Island," "Pygmalion," and various other plays and books, the value of which has never been understood by

Yours, etc.,

CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

REVIEWS

A Great Victorian

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

The Life of Sir John Lubbock, Lord Avebury. By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON. Two volumes. (Macmillan. 30s. net.)

"YOU are a marvel," wrote Lord Rosebery to Sir John Lubbock in 1892, and I have thought the same ever since I was first introduced as a lad to the great banker in the Bank Parlour in Lombard Street in 1879; and I had the advantage of his friendship to the end of his life.

People are apt nowadays to sneer at Victorian thought, feeling and furniture, but I fancy when the great war is over that we shall look with friendlier eyes on the virtues of that time, even if we do not go so far as to collect the furniture of the period. Sir John Lubbock was a great Victorian. He was intimate with all the great men of the middle of the nineteenth century—Gladstone, Darwin, Huxley, Kingsley, all wrote to him and asked for his opinion or advice on widely different subjects.

Mr. Hutchinson has done his work well, and his style is suited to his subject. It is a wonder to me how he has managed to compress it all into these two volumes, for Sir John Lubbock was literally "a marvel." Possessed of great wealth, he worked all through his long life far harder than if he had to earn his own living, and I am not exaggerating when I say that I firmly believe he got through the work of three industrious men.

In the first place he began early; his austere father took him away from Eton at the age of fourteen and put him into the bank rather than take another partner. This would have spoiled the education of most men, but it did not spoil his, because he went on with his studies both before and after business hours. He rose at 6.30 throughout his life and parcelled out the day with niggardly care until he went to bed at 12. I was one of those who benefited by his friendship by copying some of his tips for some time.

The last time I saw him was on the Underground. He got in at Charing Cross and promptly produced a book. He gave me his usual kindly smile, but I did not speak, as I knew, and he knew I knew, that he hated to be talked to in the train; besides, I was reading myself.

He was very curious about himself; like Gladstone, I believe he knew how often you ought to crunch your food for mastication before swallowing. Although he was not a robust man, he kept systematically in training to the end of his days. I wonder how many City men after fifty would regularly run with the beagles before going to town, as he did at Farnborough? I saw most of him when he was on the L.C.C., which he greatly helped in its early struggles. I remember hearing a story of those days which is characteristic of

him. He joined a party of the Main Drainage Committee to visit "Barrow Deep," the channel in the North Sea where for fifty years the sludge of London has been deposited. Somebody had lent the Councillors a small steam yacht, and the party spent one if not two nights on board. Early on the first morning the Committee were alarmed to hear a splash as if a man had tumbled overboard. Although it was early spring and the water very cold, it was Sir John—who was then getting on for sixty—having his morning swim in the open sea.

His life was such a busy one from start to finish that it is quite impossible in a short article even to mention all the things in which he took an interest. Perhaps it would be best to say he was interested in everything that was useful and never wasted time on anything that he considered of no utility; for instance, the drama did not appeal to him in the least.

Mr. Hutchinson's book is necessarily so crammed with facts that it is difficult to see the wood for the trees; you learn about what he accomplished, but you do not get to know the man. This is probably the fault of his hero, who was self-contained and reserved to a degree. Of a kindly nature, he did many good deeds of which even his family never knew, and whilst he will be remembered for giving us Bank Holidays and starting the early closing movement, he did much for the benefit of his fellow men of far greater value in science and finance. They are known to few, but they will benefit the world to the end of time. He was fond of trying original experiments. He believed bees were fond of colour, and spread little pieces of coloured paper with an equal amount of honey and took minute statistics on his lawn of the number of bees which patronised the various colours. He patiently tried for weeks to make a puppy read, but did not meet with much success. On one occasion he wanted to find out how much money people carried about in their pockets, and decided to make an experiment with the customers of his own bank. On a given day all who entered the bank between 10 and 4 were politely asked how much coin they had in their pockets! I had not known him very long then, but I was with a firm who banked with Robarts, Lubbock and Co., and went to pay in a very large cheque. By a curious coincidence I had left the office without a penny in my pocket, and to my shame had to confess it, to the great amusement of Sir John, who happened to be standing by.

The list of his sub-titles and distinctions number fifty on the title page, and I cannot better or more briefly describe the nature of his life than by taking a chapter and giving its contents. For instance, Chapter XXV is for the year 1892, when he was fifty-eight years of age:—

Battle of the Loans in the L.C.C.—Letters from Lord Farrer and Lord Rosebery—Cause of the Ice Age—Giving up the L.C.C. Chairmanship—Election to "The Club"—Meeting of Foreign Bondholders—Shop Hours Bill—Letter from Professor Tyndall—Evidence of Change in the Moon—Address to St. Thomas' Hospital.

Here we have Municipal Life, Finance, Geology, Social Legislation, Astronomy, and Philanthropy, all in one short chapter. At the end of the book is a list of thirty of his chief published works.

He wrote well and easily, and it was quite a Victorian trait for him to compile a list of the 100 best books, which aroused great interest at the time, and much controversy, and led to the reprinting of some of them which the ordinary public had not even heard of, much less read. He copied the poet Rogers and other distinguished men by giving breakfasts to which it was a distinction to be invited. As Lubbock had usually been up for three or four hours, he could enjoy a good meal, but many men fought shy of "this archaic form of hospitality." Mr. Chamberlain characteristically explained that he could not converse at breakfast, but offered to sit up and chat at any hour; and the same objection was felt by Mr. Balfour and others. This was another trait of the intensely earnest Victorian, who hoped to combine a good meal with profitable conversation.

I think Mr. Hutchinson is wise in calling the book "The Life of Sir John Lubbock." It was the name he was best known by. He succeeded to the baronetcy in 1865, when he was 31, and was created a peer in 1900—thirteen years before his death. He characteristically took the title of Avebury from a small estate he had bought for the purpose of preserving some cromlechs, which he always averred were of greater interest than Stonehenge. He died full of years and honours on May 25, 1913. Everyone who knew him was the better for having met him, and I do not think I can sum up his life better than in the graceful tribute at the end of the volume:

Above his grave stands his memorial in stone. His living memorial is the imperishable gratitude of thousands whose lives have been made less grievous by his legislation, and whose souls have been cheered and strengthened by the high thoughts which he has given to their knowledge.

The Happy Critic

Notes on Novelists. By HENRY JAMES. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)

If the English, by their steadiness, their thoroughness, and decision, may be deemed peculiarly fit to produce great critics, it must still be admitted that there are few signs of such eminence to-day. The art of criticism languishes, or is diffused and weakened among the channels of the daily papers in brief "notices" and inadequate "reviews," and the essayist becomes more and more rare. We welcome, therefore, with exceptional pleasure this work of one who combines in himself the distinguished critic and the not less distinguished artist, and to the tale of happy hours which Mr. Henry James has given us a few more must now be added.

The essays in this book are of that pleasant length in which the writer can do himself and his subject justice; spending his thought freely, Mr. James has

none of the fatal fluency of the smaller man, but he has an indefinable, irresistible ease and confidence which hold us fast. He explains smilingly; he unravels with the finest old-time courtesy and patience the tangles of motive; he gives us the impression of one who moves about a spacious room in the bright fire-light, with head slightly bent and hands behind his back, talking, musing aloud, and ever and anon straightening his shoulders to deliver some splendid judgment, some calm indisputable decision. Against such friendly magic who would rebel?

With some of the studies here collected we are familiar; there are three on George Sand dated 1897, 1899, and 1914, and two on Balzac dated 1902 and 1913. It was to be foreseen that Mr. James would include Zola and Flaubert (1902) with his other favourite themes; the pages on Gabriele D'Annunzio and Matilde Serao, however, will be fresh to many readers. They are masterly little analyses, and the discussion of the English novelist, with his accepted canon of what is "proper," is intensely entertaining. "Proper to what?" asks Mr. James. "He strikes the spectator as having with a misplaced humility consented once for all to be admonished as to what he shall or shall not 'mention'—and to be admonished in especial by an authority altogether indefinite." The recent articles in the *Times* on our newer novelists are here reprinted, and thus, with two or three shorter essays on R. L. Stevenson, Dumas the Younger, Charles Eliot Norton, and a few delicate "London Notes," the complement of the book is filled.

There are many passages, of course, which might be roughly taken from their context as examples of the charm of a sensitive essayist, but we hesitate to loosen thus the close pattern of the whole. Sentences, points of view, happy phrases, continually delight the reader. Meeting Zola in London before the Dreyfus trial, Mr. James states that the impression consisted in his "fairly bristling with the betrayal that nothing whatever had happened to him in life but to write 'Les Rougon-Macquart.' It was even, for that matter, almost more as if 'Les Rougon-Macquart' had written *him*, written him as he stood and sat, as he looked and spoke, as the long, concentrated, merciless effort had made and stamped and left him." And then the turmoil of the famous "Affair" was the act of a man "with arrears of personal history to make up, the act of a spirit for which life, or for which, at any rate, freedom, had been too much postponed, treating itself at last to a luxury of experience." The spring was touched—the recluse had to break into the world of living, fighting, defending; but what a picture it is!

"The great feast-days of all for the restless critic," says Mr. James, in his introduction to D'Annunzio, "are those much interspersed occasions of his really meeting a 'case,' as he soon enough learns to call any supremely contributive or determinant party to the critical question." Such a feast-day, with the "Notes on Novelists," we have had; and for it we give homage to its gracious provider.

Shorter Notices

Humour, Sarcasm, and Humanity

Knowing exactly where to place his finger on the weak spots of fashionable society, Mr. Stephen Leacock has produced in "Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich" (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net) a series of sketches, gently satirical in tone. The author possesses good taste and keen discrimination, so that although institutions, sacred and secular, are in their turn held up to a certain amount of ridicule, even the most sensitive member cannot feel aggrieved at the poignant thrusts of Mr. Leacock's lance. The scene is chiefly laid in Plutonia Avenue, New York, the Mausoleum Club playing an important part in the stories. "The Wizard of Finance" is a pathetic account of a millionaire who—for a time—could not lose his money, but the most subtle and insinuating one of them all is "The Rival Churches" and its sequel "The Rev. Uttermost Dumfarrowing," although "The Fight for Clean Government" runs the other two very close in humour and sarcasm. Mr. Leacock does not give us many books compared with the output of other writers, but when they come they are worth reading, and testify to painstaking, although not laboured, efforts of the author.

A Competent Critic

A little set of delicate essays that might easily be overlooked in this busy season is "A Book of Preferences in Literature," by Eugene Mason (Wilson, Queen Street, Cheapside, 3s. 6d.). Mr. Mason is known as a student, as a writer of taste and judgment whose work makes a difference to some of us in quiet, thoughtful hours; but his circle should be increased. In this collection he touches upon Francis Thompson, Walter Pater, Yeats, Kipling, de Heredia, and others, always with knowledge, charm, and a sense of style. That he came into personal contact with some of whom he writes might have been a drawback, a temptation to enlarge upon trivialities; but Mr. Mason shows no such weakness. His essay on "Two Christian Poets" (Christina Rossetti and Paul Verlaine) pleases us most of all—possibly because of its clever and daring contrast, justified by a critical competence which at times brings a smile of sheer enjoyment—as when he tells us that Verlaine "never lost his faith; it was simply mislaid." We recommend this volume to such readers as may care for good, clear, and sound work in a field which is too often entered by unintelligent and cloudy-brained enthusiasts.

The Watchers of the Sea

Almost everyone is now well acquainted with the useful, willing, and steady work done by the young lads who at the instigation of General Baden-Powell have been formed into companies, and after a certain amount of discipline hold themselves ready to go wherever they may be called. Perhaps, however, in the minds of many people the movement is connected more particularly with the land—messages to be taken, first aid rendered, and slight military duties carried out. In two very good books, "Sons of the Sea," by Christopher Beck (C. Arthur Pearson, 2s. 6d.), and "Sea Scouts of the *Petrel*," by P. F. Westerman (A. and C. Black, 3s. 6d.), we read, in the form of stories, of the excellent work accomplished by these young lads at sea as well as on land. The small heroes prove to their friends how much they are willing to sacrifice for a comrade or for anyone needing their

help, and, as may be readily imagined, daring deeds are not lacking in either narrative. It would have been an advantage if some of the illustrations in the latter book could have been a little more toned. They would have made the story more realistic, and certainly added to the artistic merit of the whole.

The Paris Nightmare

Mr. Ernest Alfred Vizetelly has been fortunate in the occasion of the publication of his further recollections of the dark days of 1871. In "My Adventures in the Commune" (Chatto and Windus, 12s. 6d. net) he takes up the story at the point at which he left it in "My Days of Adventure." It is a very vivid narrative of the nightmare which followed the German triumph round Paris, and thousands who are now taking a lively interest in the Franco-Prussian War and all that it meant to France and Europe, will heartily welcome this volume both for the information it contains and the excellent manner in which it is presented. Nemesis followed the excesses committed under the Red Flag as surely as the Commune followed the defeat of the army carrying the Tricolour. To quote Mr. Vizetelly's own words, "the Commune is seen casting priests, journalists and others into prison as hostages, raiding convents, turning churches into public clubs, demolishing the Vendôme Column and Thiers's private residence, requisitioning money of the Bank of France and provisions from tradesfolk under threat of pillage, enrolling unwilling men in its forces," indeed, perpetrating every horror and wrong which the German to-day seems keen to emulate. Mr. Vizetelly is not surprised at the atrocities committed by the Germans in Belgium and France. "I have always held that under a German one usually finds a savage." The Germans, in his opinion, have gone back, so far as humanity is concerned, since 1870. With this emphatic verdict in mind it is curious and suggestive to learn that if Bismarck had shown less consideration for French feeling after the fall of Paris, the Commune might never have secured the upper hand. He wished to disarm the National Guards, but gave way to the objections of Jules Favre. "The National Guards retained their arms. This did not actually cause the rising of the Commune, but it rendered it possible." The illustrations enhance materially the interest of this admirable history.

For Country Lovers

A little handbook of great value to all who take country rambles, even in winter, is "Birds, Trees, and Wild Flowers" (Holden and Hardingham, 2s. 6d.). Most of us "love the country," but few of us know the names of the various trees and blossoms of the lanes and fields, while when we have pointed out sparrow, thrush, and robin our bird-lore is exhausted. This volume, which has over two hundred illustrations, is a splendid companion, and will go easily into the coat pocket; the arrangement of its information is excellent, and it is not too technically written although in each case the Latin designation is given. Birds, for example, are grouped according to the colour of their plumage, which is an improvement on the usual classification in orders and families. The authors, Mr. Walter M. Gallichan, Mr. Forster Robson, and Col. Mackenzie, have done their work thoroughly, and it is obvious to the reader that the knowledge of experts in each department is constantly employed for his benefit.

Large Pages for Small Fingers

Three Annuals

EQUAL in price, uniform in quality, and of the same attractive appearance, Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.'s "Wonder Book," Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons' "Father Tuck's Annual," and Messrs. Blackie's "Children's Annual," are all good value for the cost—3s. 6d. Stories, verse, and countless illustrations render each book a tempting bait, the difficulty being to choose when all have so much to recommend them.

Some Small Dogs and Others

Mr. Walter Emanuel evidently believes in training the young to cultivate a sense of humour, in order, possibly, that the first page of *Punch* shall be fully appreciated when toy-books no longer satisfy the expanded mind. Hence "The Dog Who Wasn't What He Thought He Was," illustrated extremely well by Cecil Aldin (Raphael Tuck and Sons, 3s. 6d. net). The author's sly humour peeps out in the diary of a mongrel whose high idea of his own value was rudely shaken when the vet. announced to his master that his exact monetary value was twopence-halfpenny.

Messrs. Dean and Sons send "The Big Animal Book" and "Beautiful Beasts," two shilling editions with pictures of so large a dimension that in the case of domestic pets they are more than life-size. From the same firm, and at the same price, come "Pussy" and "Rover." These books have fluffy covers with alternate pictures coloured and plain, the latter very suitable for painting. "Old Friends A B C," with boarded leaves (Dean and Son, 1s.) should resist the persistent fidgeting of little fingers for some time.

Rhymes, the War and Engines

Another boarded book is "Mother Goose Rhymes" (Dean and Son, 1s.), with pictures of yellow-haired lassies and ginger-haired lads. "The Child's A B C of the War" (George Allen and Unwin, 1s. net.) is a very good, up-to-date little booklet, and should have a large sale. If some of the portraits are not quite true to life, the backgrounds and the idea of each picture are excellent. The title, "Dot's Picture Book" (Dean and Son, 2s.), must not mislead a purchaser with regard to the contents, for most of the pictures represent engines, trains, bicycles, and many things dear to the mechanical boy's heart. The book is another of the cotton cloth series. "A Railway Book for Girls and Boys" and "Tubbie and Toddie in the Country" (Dean and Son, 6d. each) consist entirely of pictures, both instructive and amusing.

Some Pocket Fun

Six small books, about four inches by five, "All About Tommy Fuzbuz" and "All About Miss Moppie-topp" (Dean and Son, 6½d. each), "Puss in Boots and The Forty Thieves," "The Sleeping Beauty and Blue Beard," "The Three Bears and Mother Hubbard," and "Perez the Mouse" (John Lane, 1s. each), two in prose and four in verse, contain some very charmingly coloured illustrations, and will be quite suitable for the young miss to carry in her muff when she goes for a walk.

BOOKS FOR PRESENTS

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METHUEN & CO., Ltd., 36, Essex Street, London, W.C.

Fiction

THE king to be honoured in "Honour the King," by Helen Mary Keynes (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), is that ill-fated White Majesty whose head was removed at Whitehall by the Praise-God-Barebones clique in 1649. But despite a full share of the enthusiasm natural to a writer of romance, Miss Keynes fails to justify her title by presenting the sovereign in such a light as would command the love and respect of his subjects. The reason for this may be that in the story Charles figures only as a secondary character, the author preferring to recount the adventures during the four years' Civil War of a young officer who in a slight degree is modelled on the dashing Prince Rupert of history. No doubt there were many at that period who fought and died for their king, but far more of the Cavaliers drew the sword in the cause of self-interest and ambition, and so, we imagine, did a goodly proportion of the Roundheads. The hero, Luscombe, however, was whole-heartedly a "king's man," and his reward was such as might be expected from a selfish and a vacillating monarch of the Stuart type. The love passages between him and fair Mistress Sophie fill many pages. We must say, however, that we prefer the fighting to the philandering; the latter scarcely succeeds in stirring the reader's heart. On the other hand, the author has written a vivid description of the last siege and assault of Bristol, which shows that she has studied the period. But she should not have introduced turnpike roads and toll-gates on the way to Oxford, for at that time highways were maintained by parish and statute labour. The first Turnpike Act was not until 1653, and it was another hundred years before the system came into extensive use. We do not know whether it was characteristic of the times, but Miss Keynes' puppets have an irritating way of "shrugging" almost every time they are addressed.

In "But She Meant Well" (John Lane, 6s.) Mr. William Caine introduces us to a delightful little miss of five, who is continually getting into mischief through the best of intentions. The offspring of a cook-general and a member of the force, she is born with a quite natural craving to help others, and it is no fault of hers that her precocious efforts in this direction end disastrously, and often entail spanking. At last, whooping-cough puts a term to her juvenile activities, but these are so amusingly placed before us that we sincerely wish her a speedy recovery. "But She Meant Well" is decidedly not a book for children. It is for grown-ups only, and should be kept carefully under lock and key, for youngsters are notoriously imitative, and they might seek to emulate Hannah and bring topsy-turvydom into the happy home.

Mrs. Henrietta Goldie tells a charming story in "The Veiled Life" (Wm. Heinemann, 6s.). It is the career of Laura Smith, a country girl who comes to town and enters service, as of old—a thing which few maidens of her class do now. She makes an unhappy marriage, but after her release she encounters her "affinity."

Books About Art

THE only thing that matters about an artist is his art. Criticisms and biographies and all manner of articles may be written about the man, his life and his paintings, but in the end they all come back to the same thing—his work and its effect upon ourselves. Since Vasari set the fashion it has been followed by hundreds of lesser men, recently to such an extent that the aspersion cast upon our age seems almost justified—it is one of criticism and not of creation. Not only so, but the tendency has grown to an enormous extent to "popularise" everything, from Botticelli to the latest invention of domestic science; to issue tabloid books from which the consumer can get a certain amount of information without the necessity for any study. In art perhaps this is less reprehensible than in science, since it is to some extent a personal matter, and much less one of law, therefore not so open to the danger attending on a little knowledge; also, viewed in the light of handy guide-books to the public galleries, biographies of painters have a certain specific value. Nevertheless, it is impossible to exempt them from the condemnation of every day making it more fatally easy for no man to think for himself. One reason for these books is curiosity. It is once more the passion of the interviewer, which makes us think we can realise a man's greatness better if we know the colour of his hair, or his particular brand of religion, or how many children he possesses. Not all the shouting of the critics will induce an Englishman to divorce the consideration of ethics from his appreciation of art. We love Raphael because of his early death and his charm, and think we see them reflected in his sweet-faced Madonnas, and agree to forget the discrepancy between the life of Perugino and the spiritual ecstasy of his saints!

To revert to our first contention—that in our consideration of a painter all that essentially concerns us is his art and its meaning to us personally—it must be conceded that this no book can make clear to us. It was not without purpose that Nature made the soul of man, his anima, invisible; it is an allegory applicable to all things of real importance—they cannot be weighed by the intellect or measured in terms, or translated into any symbols of speech. Nevertheless, we are more intensely conscious of their existence than of the tangible things among which we move. So with our cognisance of beauty—shall we say of the spirit?—which inhabits all great art: it is either there, to be wakened into life by some chord of communication between ourselves and the master who painted it, or it does not exist; no other can show it to us. A picture may have a literary interest or an allegorical significance, or it may be just a canvas, beautiful in tones and half-tones and harmony of colour. These things a book can teach us, and it is a great deal, but it brings us no nearer to the true significance of art. The curse of this present generation has been the abundance of everything with which it is provided, excepting time for thought. The views of the man in the street and

the woman in the suburbs are all ready-made, the very revolts and crazes and cults of the would-be originals of the day have had very little in them of the true spirit of originality; they are as hollow as our modern system of education, which has consisted in adding layer upon layer of information to a structure built without a solid core. We teach without arousing the capacity for using knowledge. We have lived in a physical and mental world encumbered with a load of bric-a-brac that has hidden the value of simple things. How far the balance of sane simplicity is going to be restored by the present upheaval that is laying bare foundations remains to be proved. With the usual inconsequence of human nature, we have swung to the other extreme, and this present autumn has been remarkable for its dearth of publications of any kind but literature connected with the war. Now books on other subjects begin to trickle in.

Among them are Messrs. Duckworth's "Masters of Painting" Series. So far, they have published "Botticelli" and "Raphael," with text by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady), "G. F. Watts," by G. K. Chesterton, and "Holbein," by Ford Madox Hueffer. One's first thought on glancing through them is of how much water has flowed under the bridge of time since the day they were first published, when the philosophy of Mr. Chesterton had an altogether up-to-date flavour and the criticism of Mr. Hueffer was the last word. Nothing has changed more greatly in these days of flux and fashion than methods of art criticism, and nothing can give more colour than the monographs of great masters to the aphorism with which we began—that, while the opinions of men are as ephemeral as the cut of their coats, nature—and art, which is its mirror, are immortal and their quality is unchangeable. Nevertheless, as history or as literature, each of these books has a distinct value and charm. Mrs. Cartwright's intimate knowledge of Italy and Italian art always stands her in good stead, and makes her a reliable and interesting biographer. The Watts of Mr. Chesterton is an old friend to many of us, and it is a pleasure to re-read that which it was evidently a joy to him to write, while he almost escapes from the snare of attempting art criticism in what is so entertaining a document on Victorian philosophy and ethics. Mr. Hueffer's Holbein is a singularly comprehensive study for a small volume.

The reproductions in photogravure with which they are sumptuously illustrated mark a departure in cheap book-making, owing to the introduction of the new process by which it is possible to give much better reproductions than those printed from the old halftone blocks. This new method allows the use of rougher paper, and so gives far greater value to the photographs, which are permanent as well as beautiful. A comparison of these photogravures with the old style illustrations will make this far more comprehensible to the non-technical mind than any explanations, and will bring home to all who see them their fitness for gift-books at this particular season.

MOTORING

MRS. LANDON, the wife of General Landon, the Director of Transport, has undertaken, with the assistance of a military committee, to collect and dispatch comforts for the transport drivers—both horse and motor—and supply-men of the Army Service Corps at the Front, and contributions, either in kind or money, are earnestly solicited. Parcels should be addressed to the Adjutant, Training Establishment, A.S.C., Aldershot, and marked "A.S.C. Comforts," while cheques should be made payable to Mrs. Landon and forwarded to the Commandant's Office, Army Service Corps, Training Establishment, Aldershot. Money contributions are, of course, to be preferred, as the committee, being a military one, is naturally in a better position than civilians can possibly be to select and purchase the articles most urgently required; but where this is not practicable, gifts of warm underclothing, woollen socks, etc., will be gladly received and forwarded.

Further donations of complete ambulances for the Colonial Convoy which has been accepted by the War Office for service at the Front have been received by Mr. Arthur du Cros, M.P., from Mr. J. V. Rank; the General Electric Company; Mr. Cecil Lankester; Dr. Arthur Green; Cowal and District, per M. A. J. McNeill Reid; and Mr. R. A. Yerburch, M.P. (second ambulance). Cash subscriptions towards the same object have also been received from Mr. A. K. Meller (£150); and the Commercial Union Assurance Company (£100). Mr. du Cros is to be congratulated upon the striking success of his patriotic efforts.

The Red Cross Motor Ambulance

Subscriptions to this fund for presenting a Napier Motor Ambulance Car valued at £625 to the Red Cross Society are coming in very slowly. We ask our readers to let us have a note of sums collected. The £100 guaranteed provisionally depends on our receiving the balance of £525. So far the amounts received are:

Provisionally promised	£100	0	0
Miss Margaret Eastwood	5	5	0
E. G. F. S.	4	10	0
Collected by Mr. F. W. Hingston of Buckhurst Hill, Essex:—F. W. Hingston, 5s.; Mrs. Hingston, 5s.; E. F. F. Hingston, 5s.; C. D. Coxall, 5s.; Frank G. Foster, 5s.; H. E. Swann, 5s.	1	10	0
Bernard Phillips	3	4	
H. D. S.	3	8	
P. F. Loft	16	2	½
G. H. S.	15	0	
The Queenlette	7	6	
Miss M. Smith	8	6	
	£113	19	2½

Messrs. George Allen and Unwin have presented a number of volumes in their special campaign series to fourteen military hospitals selected by the Army Council, who accepted the gifts "with warm appreciation."

In the Temple of Mammon

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of this journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Editor, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

THE City remains persistently optimistic. Considering that business is almost entirely lacking it does not require a very shrewd observer to discover the reason for this optimism. The City wants to sell its shares, and it therefore talks hopefully, under the impression that if it continues to chatter about the magnificent prospects offered by all the companies large numbers of buyers will come along and pay their hard-earned savings in exchange for the pieces of paper now in the safes of the various stockbrokers. I have again and again advised my readers to do nothing of the kind.

I confess that I give this advice because I believe that the war will last a long time. No doubt if we saw a complete collapse of the Germans in the early spring there would be a considerable boom in values, though whether that boom would last any length of time is perhaps doubtful. But what ground have we for thinking that Germany must collapse? As far as I can see, none at all. There are three points of wastage: men, food and war material. Germany can provide about nine million fighting men; all of these are not soldiers, but the bulk of them have been trained to discipline and understand how to obey. The bulk of them are also brave. We must not think that Germany will continue to fling immense masses of men upon entrenched positions. She is not so foolish as that. She will learn to economise her fighting forces; therefore, putting the German losses at two millions, there are still seven millions left. This army, leaving Austria out of the question, is quite enough to continue the war for another three years, and perhaps very much longer. As regards food, it is well known that Germany produces about two-thirds of her supplies within her own borders. The most stringent economy is now being observed, and we must take it that Germany will be able to feed herself for an indefinite period, not luxuriously, but well enough for all practical purposes. The question of war material is perhaps the most satisfactory from our point of view. Copper largely enters into the calculation, and we can certainly stop all supplies of new copper from entering the country. But we cannot stop Norway and Sweden exporting copper, and we cannot prevent Germany from using up old copper. The metal is practically indestructible, and as soon as a copper famine comes upon Germany we may be certain that the methodical Teuton will make arrangements for saving every bit and sending it back to the works to be remade. Also, it is probable that cartridge cases will be made of some other material. With regard to the manufacture of explosives, the German chemist may conceivably discover new raw material to take the place of chemicals hitherto imported. It is not safe to count upon Germany finding a difficulty in regard to war material.

Those who declare that the war must end quickly do not realise that if Germany collapses and makes peace she will be in the position of a burglar caught red-handed,

and that if she is let off with an easy fine none of the nations will dare to reduce their armaments because they will feel what she has done once she will do again. A quick collapse of the war also presupposes an extraordinary cowardice on the part of the Germans. Now the German nation may be utterly brutal, but brutality is often allied with courage. The German diplomatist is stupid, more stupid than anyone could have believed a diplomatist to be, but it is hardly likely that he will make an immediate peace, which would involve the continuation of a European league against his country. The only lasting peace that can be made is one that will prevent Germany from attacking Europe for a long time to come. It is extremely disagreeable to have to argue in favour of a long war, but we had much better face the facts and arrange our plans accordingly. It is well known that Lord Kitchener considers the war will last three years, and all the responsible members of the Government agree with him. Therefore, the whole weight of evidence is against the City.

The position in America is gradually clearing, and it is now said that Wall Street will re-open to general business almost immediately. But those Continental holders of American securities who think that they will be able to unload on the Yankees make a great mistake. They will be able to do nothing of the sort. General trade in the United States is still very bad. I hear serious stories in regard to the International Mercantile Marine, and a complete collapse of that grossly over-capitalised concern is prophesied. English people are only interested in the bonds, and these I advise should be sold without delay.

The Peruvian Corporation report is now out, but the figures, of course, only relate to the year ending June 30. The railways have done well, and the profit on the whole business for the year is £409,543. The net profit for the year is £247,500, and this would have enabled the board to pay the same dividend on the preference as last year, namely, 2½. But the directors, in view of the total collapse of trade in Peru, have cautiously distributed one per cent., and carry forward only £150,000. Gamblers who purchased Peru prefs. under the impression that the scheme so long talked about would be carried through have lost their money. It may be years before the stock ever goes back to its old value, and it is quite likely that a further reduction of dividend on the preference will be made next year.

The P. and O. cannot, of course, equal their last year's wonderful record, but on the whole the gross profit of £3,455,604 compares very favourably with normal years, so much so that the deferred dividend of 15 per cent. is once again paid. It is most unlikely that this splendid distribution will be repeated for 1915, for the directors are not optimistic in regard to the future. They say it is impossible to adopt a sanguine attitude, and that they only pay the dividend because of their magnificent reserve funds. The financial position of the company is certainly superlatively strong; cash and investments total over 2½ millions, and the magnificent fleet stands in the books at a little over 3¼ millions. It is certainly worth double that figure.

Two excellent brewery reports are issued this week, J. W. Cameron and Company, who have made £85,000 profit and once again pay the usual dividend, and the Hull Brewery Company, which has made £58,000 profit and again pays 11 per cent. and 5s. bonus. It is a curious thing that Sir John Ellerman, who is a Hull man, should be chairman of the West Hartlepool Brewery, but not on the board of the Hull Brewery. The debentures in both companies may be classed as gilt-edged brewery securities.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

A COMMON SOLDIER?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In Shakespeare's First Folio the following passage reads:

"And be not *jealous* on me, gentle Brutus,
Were I a common *laughter*, or did use
To stall with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester,* if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal turn; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous."

Julius Cæsar, I, ii, 70.

The phrase "common laughter" was emended by Rowe on grammatical grounds to "common laugher," a change which has been adopted by the majority of Shakespearean editors. Craik and other commentators cited by Furness in his Variorum edition nevertheless defend "laughter" on the ground that the word is here used in the now obsolete sense of "laughing-stock," and because the line gains support from what Cassius says at IV, iii, 126:

"Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?"

But the Oxford Dictionary has so far discovered no such archaic use of the word in question; so that of the two words, "laughter" is much the preferable. Other emendations proposed have been "lauder," "lover," and "talker," none of which appears to be entirely consonant to the sense of the context. In attempting to elucidate the meaning of this oft-debated speech it should be borne in mind that the epithet, "jealous," does not here imply envy, but merely connotes suspicion, or mistrust, an obsolete use of the word noted in Schmidt's Shakespearelexicon, and which occurs again in the same sense later on: "That you do love me, I am nothing jealous" (i.e., doubtful).

If we now turn to North's version of Amyot's translation of Plutarch, edition Tucker, pp. 109-10, the work from which Shakespeare drew most of the material of this Roman play, sometimes following it in the minutest details, we find the following description: "So that his very enemies which wish him most hurt because of his conspiracy against Julius Cæsar, if there were any noble attempt done in all this conspiracy, they refer it wholly unto Brutus, and all the cruel and violent acts unto Cassius, who was Brutus' familiar friend, *but not so well given and conditioned as he.*" ("Life of Brutus.")

On the evidence of the words here italicised I have no hesitation in offering the suggestion, based on a previous conjecture of my own, that the "laughter" of the First Folio was erroneously taken down by some scribe of the day engaged in making a transcript of the play from an acting edition; and that it was a hasty misreading of one of the early spellings of "soldier," e.g., *souldgour*, *sawd-your*, *souldeour*, *souldior*, *sauldier*, for "laughter," which was then variously written *laughtur*, *lauchter*, *lawchter*, the initial *s* being easily mistaken for an *l*, while the remaining consonants and the vowels would also readily be confused. In this connexion I would add that the expression, "common soldier," had already become current in

English by the year 1565, as the Oxford Dictionary bears witness: "There were taken prisoners . . . two hundred gentlemen, besides common souldjours." (Grafton Chronicle). That the poet, when he momentarily conjured up the figure of Cassius as a common soldier, was only sketching certain defects that might be attributed to Cassius: defects that were not manifest in one who possessed the mental endowments and worldly station of Brutus; and that his mind was running on the above noted clause of North's translation: "But not so well given and conditioned as he," seems to me a fairly legitimate conclusion: and inasmuch as my interpretation goes far to solve the difficulty of the text as it at present stands, I trust it may commend itself to the generality of Shakespearean students. To me, indeed, the substitution of "soldier" for "laughter" or "laugher" has the further merit of greatly improving the rhythm of the disputed line.

I am, Sir, etc.,

San Diego, Cal., November 16.

N. W. H.

GERMAN "CULTURE"!

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—We read and hear much stuff and nonsense about "German Culture," or have done since this war was sprung upon us. But what is "German Culture"? Wherein does it consist? Who ever heard of it before? In America we were in the habit of regarding Germans as a beer-drinking, pleasure-loving, good-natured lot—a sort of "rude compound," in effect, and never so much as dreamed of associating the term "Culture" with Germanism! We were perfectly well aware that there were cultured Germans, and that the country had produced many eminent scholars and men of genius: but that the masses of Germany or the common aggregate were to be regarded as "cultured," in any true sense, would have appeared ludicrous, as a proposition, and too ridiculous for anything as an apothegm. And yet we all liked the Germans, prior to this war. Moreover, that has nothing to do with the question of "Culture," which has been raised so strangely by German writers lately, and insisted upon so roundly. It must be, I think, that German militarists and bureaucrats (who are mainly responsible for this new propagandum) have confused gun culture with German culture, or have misapprehended our English terminology. In any event, it is ridiculous to speak or to think of German culture as a national characteristic or appropriate term. On the other hand, we do speak of French culture in serious terms, since the word, thus associated, is truly appropriate. The French, as we all know, are the most polite and polished of peoples. But to speak of "German Culture" is to adopt a vulgarism. The fact is, the German people are, and long have been, utterly illusionised. I am, yours truly,

New York, Dec., 1914.

EDWIN RIDLEY.

SHOULD WE GO TO LAW?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I notice that the late Wilhelm Ganz, the well-known musician, has ended his will with the following very wise words of exhortation: "I warn and advise my children not to lend money or sign bills or stand security, and not to go to law except in case of absolute necessity, and only as a last resource, after consultation with each other, and with a friendly adviser or solicitor with whom they have confidence." I even go further than this, for, speaking from bitter personal experience, I say, avoid ever having any dealings with solicitors whatsoever, and

* Compare "As You Like It," II, vii:

"Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel."

certainly never go to law under any circumstances. Yours
very faithfully,
ALGERNON ASHTON.
10, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead, N.W.
December, 1914.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Mediterranean Winter Resorts.* By E. Reynolds-Ball, F.R.G.S. (Kegan Paul and Co. 5s. net.)
My Husband Still. By Helen Hamilton. (G. Bell and Sons, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.)
Daphne in the Fatherland. By Anne Topham. (Melrose. 1s. net.)
Mankind in the Making. By H. G. Wells. (Chapman and Hall. 1s. net.)
The Philosophy of Rudolf Eucken. By W. Tudor Jones. (Constable and Co. 1s. net.)
The Demi-Gods. By James Stephens. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)
The Holy Bible. Translated from the Latin Vulgate. With Notes, Tables, etc., and a Preface by Cardinal Bourne. (R. and T. Washbourne. Prices from 3s. 6d. to £1 1s.)
The Garden under Glass. By W. F. Rowles. Illustrated. (Grant Richards, 6s. net.)
In a Cumberland Dale. By Percy Withers. Illustrated. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)
How to be Happy in Business. By Ralph Frost. (Grant Richards. 1s. net.)
A Theologian's Workshop, Tools, and Methods. By Joseph Agar Beet, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net.)
New Worlds for Old. By H. G. Wells. New Edition. (Constable and Co. 1s. net.)
The House of Cobwebs. By George Gissing. New Edition. (Constable and Co. 1s. net.)
Europe: Travel Pictures. Selected by Robert J. Finch, F.R.G.S. (A. and C. Black. 10d.)
Guide to Madeira. Compiled by C. A. Power. (George Philip and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)
Tentative Studies in Kikuyu Grammar. By A. Ruffell Barlow. (S.P.C.K. 6s. net.)
Eskimo Catechism. By Rev. S. M. Stewart. (S.P.C.K. 8d. net.)
The Airman and his Craft. By William J. Claxton.
Rambles in the Home Counties. By C. A. Wood, M.A.
The Story of the Weather. By W. J. Claxton. (Blackie and Son. 9d. each net.)
Scenes from the Travels of Humphrey Clinker. (Blackie and Son. 10d. net.)
Studies in Questions Relating to Eye-Training. By William Phillips, M.A. (Blackie and Son. 1s. 6d. net.)
A Literary Friendship. Letters to Lady Alwyne Compton from Thomas Westwood, 1869-1881. (Murray. 5s. net.)
The Law and the Poor. By His Honour Judge Parry. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)
Italy's Foreign and Colonial Policy. A Selection from the Speeches delivered in the Italian Parliament by Senator Tommaso Tittoni. Translated by Baron Bernardo Quaranta di San Severino. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

THEOLOGY.

- Epictetus and the New Testament.* By Douglas S. Sharp, M.A., B.D. (C. H. Kelly. 2s. 6d. net.)
Jesus and the Otherworld: An Appeal to the Modern Man. By A. Gordon James. (C. H. Kelly. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Ancient Creeds in Modern Life. By H. B. Swete, D.D., F.B.A. (S.P.C.K. 6d. net.)
Thoughts on the Death of a Child. By the Rev. C. Hope Robertson, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 4d. net.)
Difficult Words of Jesus. By A. R. Stephenson, M.A. (The Walter Scott Publishing Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Value of the Cross. By the Rev. W. Yorke Fausset, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d. net.)
New Zealand, 1814-1914. The Story of Samuel Marsden's Work in New Zealand. By Mrs. E. M. Dunlop. (S.P.C.K. 1s. net.)
How and Where They Lived in Bible Times. By E. B. Trist. (S.P.C.K. 2s. net.)
Hymns of War and Peace. (S.P.C.K. 1½d.)
Spiritual Maxims of Angelus Silesius. (C. H. Kelly. 6d.)
The Morning of Life. By W. T. A. Barber, D.D. (C. H. Kelly. 2s. 6d. net.)
Lands and Peoples of the Bible. By J. Baikie. (A. and C. Black. 3s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

- The Unpetitioned Heavens.* By Charles Marriott. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)
Only Anne. By Isabel C. Clarke. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)
Whispers. By G. Colmore. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)
Civil Dudgeon. By C. H. Tremlett. (Blackwood. 6s.)
The Second Blooming. By W. L. George. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)
Peg o' My Heart. By J. Hartley Manners. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)
An Amazing Conspiracy. By Herbert Hayens. (S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.)

VERSE.

- Borderlands.* By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Country's Call: A Short Selection of Patriotic Verse. Chosen and Edited by E. B. and Marie Sargent. (Macmillan and Co. 2d.)
"For Valour." By Edith Horsfall. (The Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1s. net.)
Enchanted Tulips, and other Verses for Children. By A., E., and M. Keary. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)
Lyrics and Short Poems. By Grace E. Tollemache. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)
Lichens from the Temple. By R. R. Logan. (Putnam. 3s. 6d. net.)
Barricades. By Louis How. (Sherman, French and Co., Boston. \$1.)
Marching Songs and Tommies' Tunes. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6d. net.)

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